

The GREY MARE the Better HORSE.

In days of yore I've somewhere read,
A country 'Squire, from cities bred,
Liv'd quite remote from noise and strife;
And all he wanted was a wife;
He to a lass did soon impart
The ardent wishes of his heart;
The maiden now the flame returns,
And each with equal ardour burns:
Her father too, gave his consent,
And to the church they straightway went,
When all was joy and merriment.
The honey moon was scarcely past,
When ma'am began to shew her tattle
For routs and riot, noise and strife,
Which made spouse weary of his life.
He to her father straightway went,
And told him all his discontent.
The old man listen'd, paus'd a while,
And thus he answer'd with a smile:
" Son, if the world you did but know,
You'd think it wrong to argue so:
Look where you will, in ev'ry stage
Of this degenerate, wicked age,
Whether in high or lower life,
Each man is govern'd by his wife;
If you believe not what I say,
We'll prove it by the following way:
Five horses in my stable stand,
As good as any in the land;
Five hundred eggs, to bear them part,
I'll likewise put into a cart;
With these the country you shall trace;
And walk about each town and place,
Strictly enquire at ev'ry house,
Who is it governs—man or spouse?
At every house where 'tis confess'd
The man is master, leave a beast;
But where the wife is mistress—see
To leave an egg, and if it be
The hundred eggs are sooner spent,
To take my daughter I'm content."
The son departs—first house in sight
He visited in merry plight;
But there he found 'twas all uproar,
" You lubber go and ope the door!"

He left an egg, and then proceeded,
Fretting he had so ill succeeded.
With this ill luck he travell'd o'er
Some twenty towns, I think, or more;
Now where a stately mansion stood,
Hither our carter quickly rode—
And soon alighting at the gate,
Enquired for the master straight;
The gentleman was yet in bed,
But to the lady he was led—
When seated, he without much force
Of compliments, began discourse;
" To ask a question's all I want,
And beg that you will deign to grant
A faithful answer;—'tis to know
Whether your husband rules or no?"
An answer soon the lady had,
Which made our 'squire's heart full glad;
" Why, sir, I'm not afraid to say
My husband always I obey;"
The husband came, and being seated,
The business was again repeated;
And, after compliments were paid,
Confirm'd each word his wife had said;
Our hero, without saying more,
Took both his friends unto the door,
And begg'd they'd take, without much words,
The best horse which his team affords.
A black one struck the husband's fancy,
But then it did not please his Nancy;
She urg'd with energetic force,
" The Grey Mare was the better Horse!"
The husband many reasons gave,
Why he the black Horse wish'd to have;
But nought would do, ma'am had her way,
And in a passion she did say,
" You shall have that!"—“ Well,” said the man)
" You'll please yourself do all I can;
Since't must be so,"—“ Stop,” (said the 'squire)
" Instead of that, I must define
You'll take an egg, and I of course
Must travail homeward with my Horse;
For now I see throughout their lives,
All men are govern'd by their Wives."